

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SAFELY
EMULATED

OCTOBER
No. 3

STARRING
THE **FIREBRAND**
NEWEST COMIC
SENSATION



PLASTIC MAN



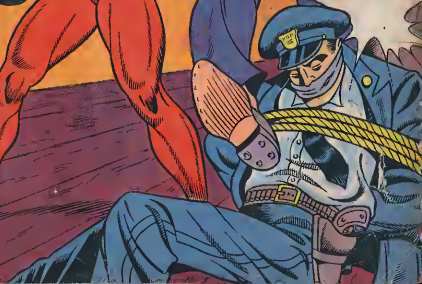
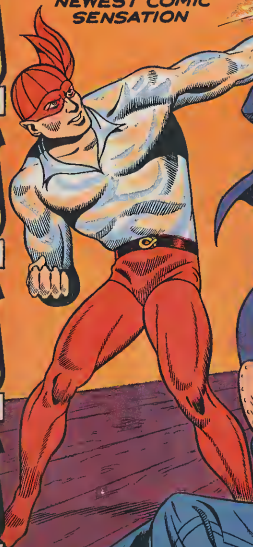
THE HUMAN BOMB



#711



THE MOUTHPIECE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

2 A new kind of

MAGAZINES in ONE COMIC MAGAZINE



WATCH
for
THIS COVER

**ON
SALE
AUGUST
1ST**

10¢

Scoop!

**NO OTHER COMIC
MAGAZINE HAS
THIS FEATURE!!**

**SECRET
WAR NEWS**

**Secret
War News**
**SCHOOL CHILDREN
DEFEAT HITLER**
**A COMIC
new NEWSPAPER**



ROD REILLY, MILLIONAIRE IDOL OF GLAMOUR GIRLS, PLAYS A SECRET ROLE AS CRIME'S MOST DREADED ENEMY, THE FIREBRAND. JOAN ROGERS, HIS FIANCEE, AND EMERALD ED, HIS FATHER, ARE UNAWARE OF ROD'S DUAL LIFE... BUT SLUGGER SHEA, HIS MANSERVANT, JOINS FIREBRAND'S DEATH-DEFYING PURSUITS.

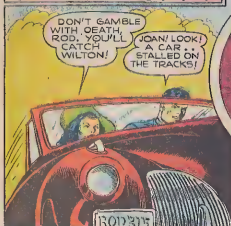
JOAN

ROD

EMERALD ED

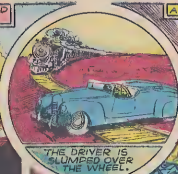
SLUGGER

AT SEVENTY MILES PER HOUR, ROD SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.



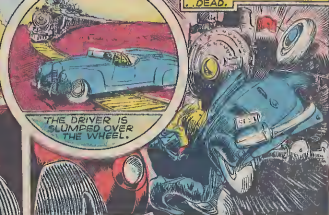
DON'T GAMBLE WITH DEATH, ROD. YOU'LL CATCH WILTON!

JOAN! LOOK! A CAR STALLED ON THE TRACKS!



THE DRIVER IS SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL.

A TERRIFIC CRASH... AND AMID THE FLYING WRECKAGE IS A HUMAN BODY DEAD.



I'M AFRAID THAT WAS WILSON... AND HE WAS MURDERED BEFORE THE CRASH. I'LL FIND OUT!



I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME! WHY DIDN'T THAT DRIVER JUMP CLEAR?

HE WAS DEAD. MURDERED! SEE? A BULLET HOLE IN HIS SKULL!

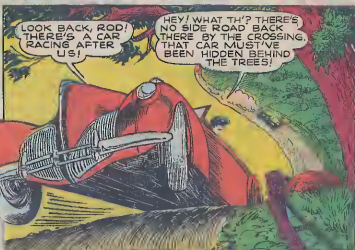


I WAS TOO LATE, JOAN. DEATH WON THE RACE AND CAUGHT WILSON.

OH, HOW HORRIBLE! WHAT CAUSED THE ACCIDENT?



WILSON'S ENEMIES. THEY SHOT HIM AND LEFT THE CAR ON THE TRACKS TO HIDE THEIR CRIME!



LOOK BACK, ROD! THERE'S A CAR RACING AFTER US!

HEY! WHAT TH'? THERE'S NO SIDE ROAD BACK THERE BY THE CROSSING. THAT CAR MUST'VE BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE TREES!



WITH RECKLESS SPEED ROD TRIES TO OUT-DISTANCE THE GUNMEN. . .



A COVERED BRIDGE LOOMS BEYOND A SHARP CURVE. . .



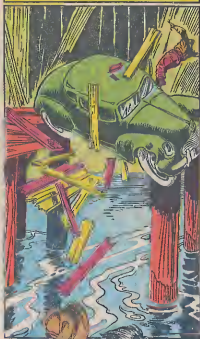
HANG ON TIGHT, JOAN! I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM A SPILL!



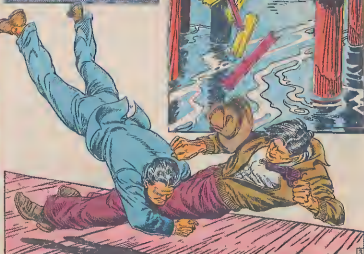
QUICKLY-TWISTING THE WHEEL, ROD SIDESWIPE THE THUGS' CAR. . . .



WITH THE SPLINTERING CRASH OF TIMBERS THE THUGS' CAR TEARS THROUGH THE BRIDGE.



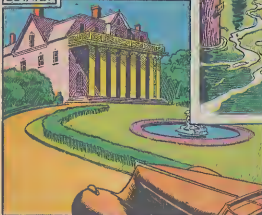
LEAPING CLEAR, THE DRIVER FIRES ON ROD.



ROD'S DYNAMITE FISTS KNOCK
THE THUG THROUGH THE RAIL..



GRAVEL FLIES AS ROD SLURS
INTO THE DRIVE OF THE REILLY
ESTATE.



HE'LL DROWN IN
THAT SWIFT CURRENT!
TOO BAD. I WANTED
TO TURN HIM OVER
TO THE POLICE!



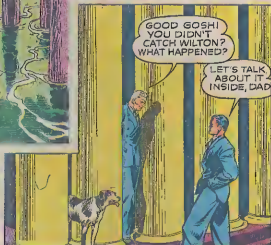
IN A MOMENT THEY ARE FLASHING
DOWN THE HIGHWAY..



BUT NOW I MUST REPORT TO
DAD AT ONCE... HE'LL BE
SHOCKED BY WILTON'S DEATH
BUT MAYBE HE'LL KNOW THE
EVIL SCHEME BEHIND IT!

GOOD GOSHI!
YOU DIDN'T
CATCH WILTON?
WHAT HAPPENED?

LET'S TALK
ABOUT IT
INSIDE, DAD



AFTER ROD EXPLAINS THEIR
EXPERIENCE..

THE F.B.I. PHONED
THAT WILTON'S
LIFE WAS IN DANGER
THAT'S WHY I SENT
YOU TO STOP HIM!

TELL US
MORE, DAD!



LAST NIGHT I HAD A PRIVATE
CONFERENCE WITH WILTON.

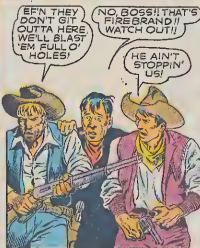
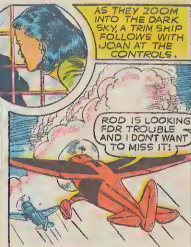
WHAT DID YOU
FIND OUT IN
OKLAHOMA,
WILTON?

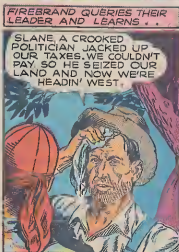
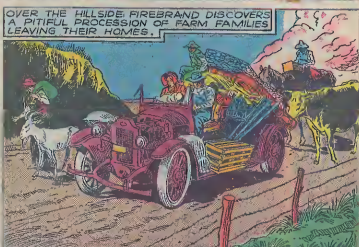
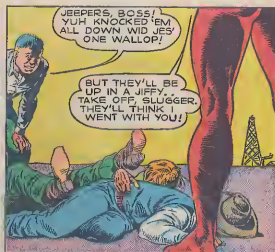
BLACK GOLD
THE WELLS
WILL BRING
IN MILLIONS
OF BARRELS!



WE STRUCK IT ON A
HILLSIDE NEAR OZARK
WELLS... POOR FARMERS
OWN THE LAND. I'LL MAKE
THEM RICH UNLESS
SLANE PULLS SOME
DIRTY DEAL!







PIKEHAND REACHES SLANE'S OFFICE BUT DOESN'T ARGUE WITH THE GUARD.



HE ENTERS QUIETLY AND PAUSES.



BUT THE RAGING INFERNO CAUSES NO ALARM AMONG SLANE'S GRAFTING JOBBOLDERS.



SUDDENLY CARS ARE RACING AFTER THE FIRE ENGINE...



GRIM-FACED GUNNERS AIM A HAIL OF LEAD AT FIREBRAND.



BUT SLUGGER DIVES FROM THE SMOKEY SKY.



THEN A PLANE SWOOPS BESIDE HIM... IT IS JOAN.



IN SLUGGER'S MOMENT OF SURPRISE, A TOMMYGUN BLASTS SKYWARD—AT JOAN'S SHIP.



BLACK OILY SMOKE
STREAMS FROM THE
COWLING

OOH! THE
ENGINE'S
DEAD! I'M
GOING TO
CRASH!

NO! THAT
CAN'T BE JOAN'S
PLANE! WHAT
WOULD SHE BE
DOING HERE?

SLUGGER TRAINS HIS GUN SIGHTS ON
AN ARMORED CAR NEAR A CROSSROADS.

H'MM... JOAN BEAT
IT SOMEWHERE.
JES' LIKE A WOMAN.

AT RECKLESS SPEED,
FIREBRAND NEARS
THE INTERSECTION
WITH THE FIRE ENGINE.

THEY'D BETTER
STOP! I WON'T!

TURN
THE GUNS
ON 'EM,
MEN!

WOW! THE CORONER
WILL NEED A BASKET
TO PICK THEM UP!

AHEAD, THE FARMERS
ARE SWEATING
GALLANTLY TO SAVE
THEIR HOMES...

THEN FIREBRAND LEAPS
FROM THE ENGINE...

COME ON,
FELLOWS! THIS
CHEMICAL WILL
CHOKE THE
BLAZE!

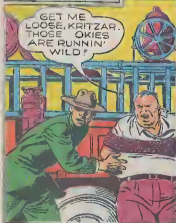
THE FLAMES ARE SNUFFLED
OUT JUST BEFORE THEY
REACH THE FARMHOUSES
BUT...

FIREBRAND!
LOOK! SLANE'S
GANG, THEY'LL
KILL US!

SWINGING FISTS AND
FORKS THE FARMERS
CHARGE BEHIND
FIREBRAND..

GIVE 'EM
THE WORKS,
FELLOWS!

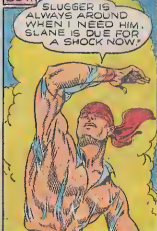
WHILE THE FIGHT RAGES, AID COMES TO SLANE.



A SPEEDY CAR PROVIDES A MEANS OF ESCAPE.



BUT



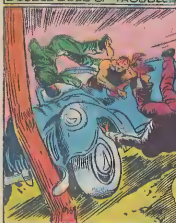
SLUGGER ZOOMS THE SHIP A FEW FEET ABOVE FIREBRAND.



BULLETS WHIZ UP LIKE ANGRY WASPS BUT HE CLINGS ON GRIMLY.



AND FIREBRAND BRINGS A DOUBLE DOSE OF TROUBLE.

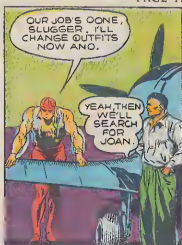


AS A SIREN WAILS, FIREBRAND WHIRLS FROM HIS DALED VICTIMS.



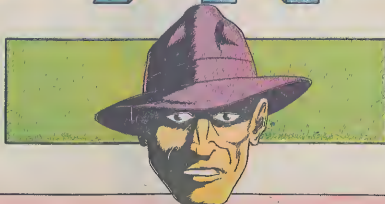


LATER... OUTSIDE SLANE'S OFFICE, A TORCH BLAZES THE MARK OF FIREBRANO.



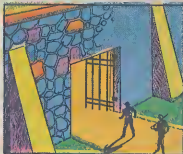
711

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER.



FROM WITHIN THE WALLS OF A GREAT PRISON OPERATES THE MOST FANTASTIC Foe OF GANGLAND.... FOR STEEL BARS CANNOT STOP 711, WHO IS DAN DYCE, WHEN THE VOICE OF JUSTICE CALLS ----

THE GATES OF WESTMOOR PRISON OPEN TO RECEIVE ANOTHER MENACE TO SOCIETY--



"ROCK" GATTY, BIG TIME HOODLUM, IS IN FOR A 5 YEAR STRETCH----



RELIEVED OF HIS NAME AND GIVEN A NUMBER, THE SURLY MOBSTER DOES NOT MINGLE WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS--



WHAT'S EATIN' GATTY, FELLAS, HE AIN'T SAID TWO WORDS TO ANY OF US SINCE HE CAME IN--

I DON'T KNOW BUT IF HE WANTS IT THAT WAY IT'S O.KAY BY ME!

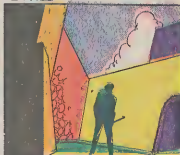


ANYTHING NEW COME OVER TH' GRAPEVINE?

NOTHIN' EXCEPT WE GOT A NEW GUARD COMIN' IN--



AND THE NEXT DAY, THE NEW GUARD STARTS HIS DUTIES--



AS HE PASSES ROCK
GATTY--

THE NEXT DAY THE TWO MEN
STAND CONCEALED IN THE
SHADOWS OF THE GRIM WALLS--

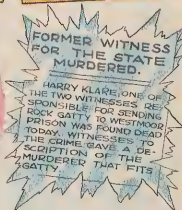
THAT NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT,
GATTY IS RELEASED BY SPIKE
AND THEY SLIP QUIETLY
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS--



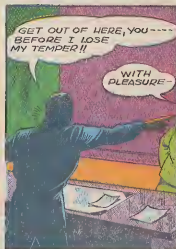
ROCK GETS INTO A WAITING
MOTOR-BOAT--

THE SPEEDY CRAFT HEADS
FOR THE CITY--

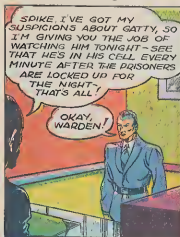
THE NEXT MORNING--



AND IN THE OFFICE OF
THE WARDEN--



THAT AFTERNOON -



AFTER SUPPER, ROCK WALKS IN THE YARD ---



UNKNOWN TO THE TWO MEN, THEIR CONVERSATION WAS OVERHEARD BY #711 -



THAT NIGHT, #711 WAITS FOR GATTY TO LEAVE---



THROUGH THE STREETS 711 FOLLOWS GATTY--



SUDDENLY--



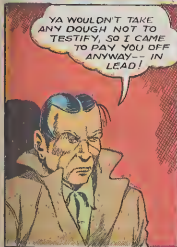
ROCK ENTERS THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE SECOND WITNESS LIVES AND 711 CLIMBS UP THE OUTSIDE--



GATTY FACES HIS VICTIM--



YA WOULDN'T TAKE ANY DOUGH NOT TO TESTIFY, SO I CAME TO PAY YOU OFF ANYWAY-- IN LEAD!

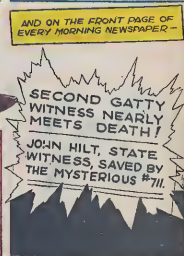
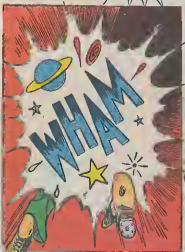


711 STANDS IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NEXT ROOM - A CLICK MINGLES WITH GATTY'S VOICE--



GET READY TO DIE!

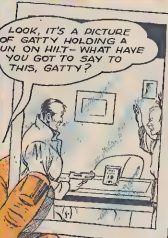




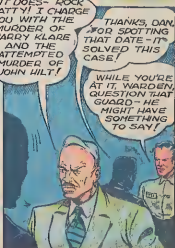
THE NEXT MORNING... THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS AT THE PRISON AND QUESTIONS GATTY-



JUST THEN AN ENVELOPE IS TOSSED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW-



AND #711 ENTERS THE OFFICE-



Dewey Drip

TAKE OFF MAH CLOTHES?
SHUCKS!-AH WANTS T'JOIN
TH' ARMY, MISTER-
NOT A NUDIST
CAMP!

C'MON, DOC-AH'M
IN A HURRY T'START
GITTIN' MAH #2!
A MONTH-
YO' KIN LISTEN
T'YORE RAY-DEE-O
LATER!

ALL RIGHT,
ROOKIE- GO IN
AN' SEE THE DOC-
BUT FIRST TAKE
OFF YOUR CLOTHES-

LET'S SEE-LUNGS, O.K.-HEART,
O.K.- NERVES.-HOW ARE
YOUR NERVES?
HOW DO YOU
SLEEP?

SLEEP?
AH JUST
SLEEPS ON
MAH BELLY-
LIKE
THIS!

SON, YOUR 'I Q' IS
LOWER THAN A COAL-
MINER'S FALLEN ARCHES
BUT PHYSICALLY
YOU'RE PERFECT-
TELL THE
SERGEANT TO
SWEAR YOU
INTO THE
ARMY!

SWEAR
ME
IN?

AH'M O.K.-MISTER, START
CUSSIN' ME
INTA YO' ARMY!

CUSSIN' YOU?
OH!- YOU
MEAN
SWEARING
YOU
IN!

I'LL ADMINISTER
THE OATH THEN
YOU CAN GET
YOUR UNIFORM-
-- DID YOU
EVER TAKE AN
OATH BEFORE?

NO-
IS THEY
HARD
T'SWALLOW?

AH WANTS
A
UNIFORM,
NEIGHBOR!

WE HAVE
TWO SIZES-
TOO BIG
AND
TOO SMALL-
WHICH DO YA
WANT?

GO OVER TO THE
OFFICER'S MESS
AND ASK FOR
MAJOR SMITH-
HE'LL ASSIGN
YOU TO A
TENT!

SHO'
'NOUGH?

HEY, HOGFAT-
HUSTLE ALONG
AN' TELL
SMITTY THEY
AH WANTS
A TENT!

YOUNG
MAN, DO
YOU
REALIZE
THAT I AM
MAJOR
SMITH'S
WIFE?

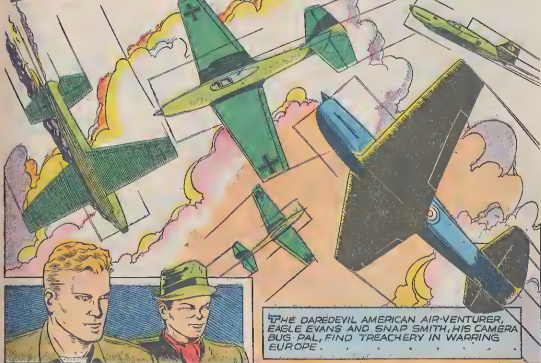
SHO'-AH KNOWS
YO' IS TH'
OFFICER'S MESS-
AN' AH DON'T
WONDER THEY
CALLS YO'
THEY!

OFFICER'S
MESS?
WHY
YOU--!!

SHE'S SHO'
HOGFAT
BUT SHE PACKS
A PUNCH LIKE
A JUGFUL OF
PAPPY'S
MOUNTAIN
DEW!

EAGLE EVANS

Flier of Fortune
by Clark Williams

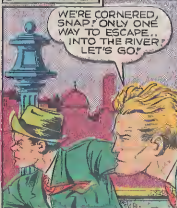


THE DAREDEVIL AMERICAN AIR-VENTURER, EAGLE EVANS AND SNAP SMITH, HIS CAMERA BUG PAL, FIND TREACHERY IN WARRING EUROPE.

EAGLE AND SNAP LEAD AN ANGRY PACK OF SOLDIERS THROUGH PARIS.

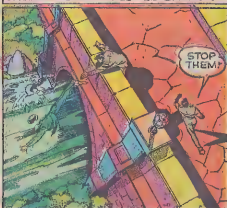


THEY SKID TO A QUICK STOP ON A BRIDGE.



WE'RE CORNERED, SNAP! ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE... INTO THE RIVER! LET'S GO!

RIFLES CRACK, BULLETS WHINE AS EAGLE AND SNAP PLUNGE OFF.



SWIFT STROKES BRING THEM TO A SEWER MOUTH. THEY CRAWL INSIDE.



DEEP IN THE MURKY TUNNEL, EAGLE GRABS SNAP'S ARM.



A GNARLED FACE APPEARS IN A SECRET OPENING.



THEY REACH A VAULT-LIKE CAVERN. THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARMY.



THE BRITISH AGENT TURNS TO EAGLE.



THANKS FOR YOUR HELP PIERRE. I'VE HEARD THESE AMERICANS ARE EXPERTS AT TRICKING THE ENEMY!



MEANWHILE ON THE BRIDGE THE TRAP IS SET FOR EAGLE.



THEY WILL MEET A GESTAPO AGENT DISGUISED AS A BRITISHER, WHO THEY WILL LEAD TO A REAL BRITISHER SPY IN DER VATERLAND. CLEVER, EH?



AND EAGLE FALLS DEEPER INTO THE TRAP.

I KNOW WHERE AGENT 74 IS LOCATED. HE WILL GIVE YOU HIS SECRET REPORTS?

YES, BUT WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!



PIERRE LEADS THE TRIO TO A HIDDEN EXIT.

MAKE HASTE, MY FELLOWS. THE GESTAPO MAY BE HOT ON OUR TRAIL!



AT THE TOP OF A LADDER THEY REACH A PRIVATE LANDING FIELD.

HERE'S OUR PLANE. RUN FOR IT!



A THREE-PLACE FIGHTING SHIP OF LATEST DESIGN AWAITS THEIR TAKE-OFF.

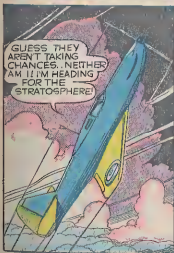
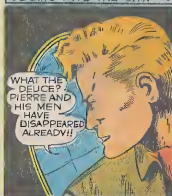
IF YOU SUCCEED, THE PLANE BECOMES YOURS! GOOD LUCK, M'SIEU EAGLE!!

THANKS, PIERRE. WE CAN USE A FAST SHIP FOR OUR NEXT MISSION!!



WITH SNAP AND THE FAKE BRITISH AGENT ABOARD EAGLE TAKES THE CONTROLS AND ZOOMS INTO THE SKY.

WHAT THE DEUCE? PIERRE AND HIS MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED ALREADY!!



GUESS THEY AREN'T TAKING CHANCES. NEITHER AM I! I'M HEADING FOR THE STRATOSPHERE!

LEVELING OFF EAGLE SETS HIS COURSE FOR THE BORDER.

WE WON'T RUN INTO A FIGHTER PATROL UP HERE!



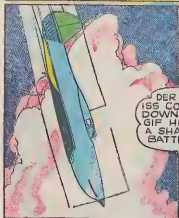
THE PHONEY AGENT'S PLANS AROUSE EAGLE'S SUSPICION.

WHEN WE LAND, I WILL TAKE THE REPORTS FROM AGENT 74. THEN YOU WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO ENGLAND!

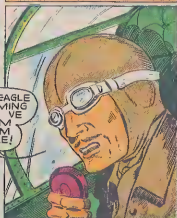
OH? IS THAT THE PLAN?



SEVERAL MILES OVER THE BORDER, EAGLE NOSES THE SHIP DOWN.



SUDDENLY AN ENEMY PILOT SPOTS THEM AND RADIOS HIS BASE.



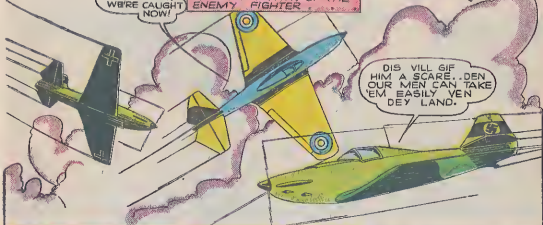
TWO HEINKEL 112'S PLUMMET ON EAGLE.



DER EAGLE ISS COMING DOWN. VE GIF HIM A SHAM BATTLE!

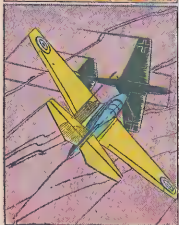
GREAT SCOT! WE'RE CAUGHT NOW!

SKILLFULLY, EAGLE ZOOMS FROM THE PATH OF THE ENEMY FIGHTER.

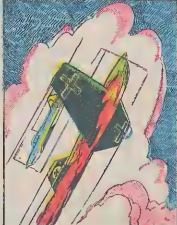


DIS VILL GIF HIM A SCARE..DEN OUR MEN CAN TAKE 'EM EASILY VEN DEY LAND.

BUT THE ENEMY PILOT IS TOO BOLD. EAGLE OPENS FIRE WITH HIS WING GUNS.



A SHEET OF FLAME BURSTS FROM THE HEINKEL.



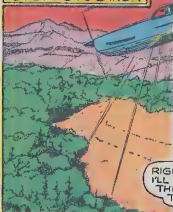
THE FEAR-CRAZED PILOT PULLS BACK HIS STICK AND CRASHES INTO THE OTHER FIGHTER.



EAGLE LEVELS OFF AS HIS VICTIMS FALL TO THEIR DOOM.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER MIRROR SIGNALS FLASH FOR EVANS TO LAND.



AS EAGLE BRINGS THE SHIP DOWN TO A SMOOTH STOP, THE BRITISH AGENT AND HIS AIDE RUSH ONTO THE FIELD.



WHILE SNAP REFUELS THE SHIP, EAGLE AND THE SPY MEET BRITISH AGENT 74 WHO HANDS HIS BRIEFCASE TO HIS COLLEAGUE AGENT.



SUDDENLY SNAP'S EYES FOCUS ON A SMALL IDENTIFICATION DISK DROPPED BY THEIR PASSENGER.



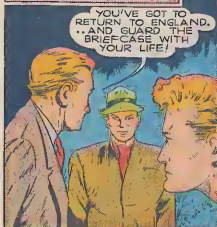
BUT EAGLE HAS OTHER IDEAS.



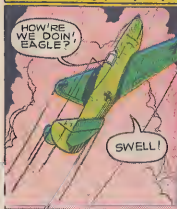
WITH A DEFT TWIST, EAGLE SENDS THE SPY TO THE GROUND.



THE REAL BRITISH AGENT
TURNS TO EAGLE...



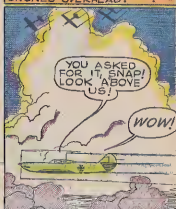
A FEW SECONDS LATER,
A "LUFTWAFFE" SHIP RISES
TO THE CLOUDS...



SNAP PICKS UP THE
SUBMACHINE GUN...



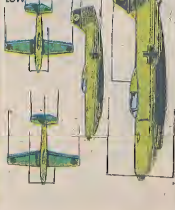
SUDDENLY A SQUADRON
OF GERMAN FIGHTERS
DRONES OVERHEAD...



THE ENEMY SQUADRON
LEADER BARKS AN ORDER...



THE LEAD PLANE
PEELS OFF*AND
DIVES AT EAGLE.
THE OTHERS FOLLOW.



EVANS IS SWAMPED BY
THE CORDON OF SWOOPING,
SPINNING SHIPS...



BUT HE CORKSCREWS OUT
WITH HIS MACHINE GUNS
FLAMING.



AH...I KNOCKED
THAT BIRD OUT
OF THE BATTLE!!

BUT THREE ENEMY
FIGHTERS DIVE ON
EVANS TO AVENGE
THEIR COMRADE.



I'LL NEED
SOME FANCY
TRICKS TO
GET OUT OF
THIS JAM!

EAGLE TWISTS AND
BANKS IN A MAD
EFFORT TO DODGE
THE ENEMY LEAD.



WHEW!
THOSE
SHOTS
WERE
CLOSE!

SUDDENLY.

BLACK STORM
CLOUDS IN THE
WEST I'M
HEADIN' OVER
THERE!



THE FIGHTERS DART AROUND
EAGLE'S SHIP.



ACH HIMMEL!!
HE GOT US!

GOT ONE
MORE,
SNAPI!



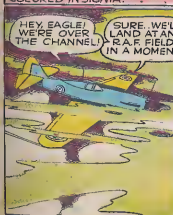
NOW WE'LL
DUCK THESE
JERRIES!

EAGLE FLIES INTO THE THUN-
DERHEAD.



FOLLOW QUICK!!
BEFORE DOT
BRITISH
ESCAPES!

BUT EVANS GIVES THEM THE
SLIP...THE WET CLOUDS
WASH OFF THE WATER-
COLORED INSIGNIA.



HEY, EAGLE!
WE'RE OVER
THE CHANNEL!

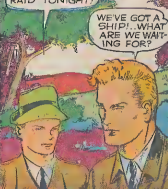
SURE, WE'LL
LAND AT AN
R.A.F. FIELD
IN A MOMENT!

STANDING ON BRITISH SOIL
A FEW MINUTES LATER.



THESE PAPERS YOU
BROUGHT BACK REVEAL
THE LOCATION OF ENEMY
ARMS PLANTS...YOU'VE
DONE A GREAT SERVICE
FOR DEMOCRACY, EAGLE.

YUH KNOW, EAGLE...WE
COULD GET A LOT OF
SWELL PICTURES IF
WE FOLLOWED AN
R.A.F. SQUADRON
ON A BOMBING
RAID TONIGHT!



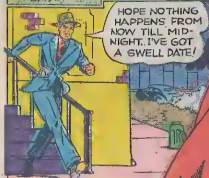
WE'VE GOT A
SHIP!...WHAT
ARE WE WAIT-
ING FOR?

ONCE AGAIN
THE DARING
POLICE REPORTER,
**CHIC
CARTER,**
BECOMES THE DEFENDER
OF RIGHT IN THE
GUISE OF ...

THE SWORD

by
VERNON
HENKEL

NIMBLY CHIC HOPS FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS AFTER A HECTIC DAY...



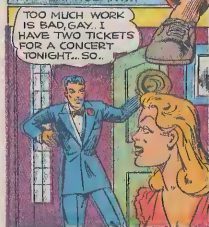
HOPE NOTHING
HAPPENS FROM
NOW TILL MID-
NIGHT. I'VE GOT
A SWELL DATE!

BUT A STRANGE
DRAMA UNFOLDS
AT THE HOSPITAL
OF CHIC'S FRIEND...

DOCTOR
GRIMES! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
IN THE RE-
CEPTION
ROOM?

MY TESTS
AREN'T
SO GOOD
...BUT I'LL
WIN. THE
HAND OF
BIRO IS
GUIDING
ME!

8 O'CLOCK FINDS CHIC
WITH GAY NOLAN...



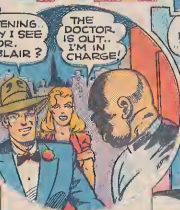
TOO MUCH WORK
IS BAD, GAY. I
HAVE TWO TICKETS
FOR A CONCERT
TONIGHT... SO...



OH, CHIC,
I'M GETTING
A HEAD-
ACHE...
DARN IT!

WE PASS
DAVE
BLAIR'S
PRIVATE
HOSPITAL ON
THE WAY. HELL
FIX YOU UP!





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT THE PIANIST SIGMUND ARNO DISAPPEARED. TONIGHT'S CONCERT WILL BE POSTPONED!



WHAT TH'N THEN THAT *IS* ARNO THEY HAVE HERE.. IT'S TIME THE SWORD ACTED!



PEELING OFF HIS CLOTHES, CHIC REVEALS THE FIGURE OF THE SWORD!

..AND FROM MY BELT I DRAW THE SWORD OF JUSTICE!



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT GAY OUT OF MY SIGHT! WHAT'S THAT?



DR. GRIMES SAY YOU STOP!

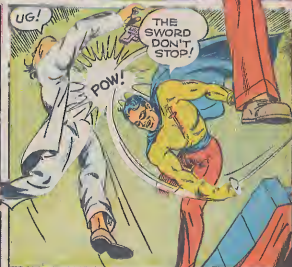
BANG!

DOCTOR GRIMES' LABORATORY

UG!

THE SWORD DON'T STOP!

POW!

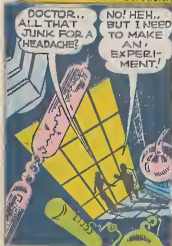


EXPERIMENT, NO, NOT ON ME YOU DON'T!

DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LAST SUBJECTS!

DOCTOR.. ALL THAT JUNK FOR A HEADACHE?

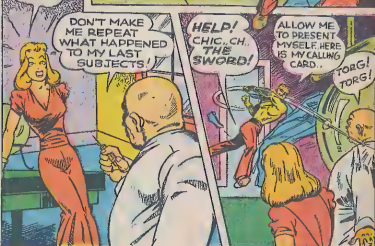
NO! HEH.. BUT I NEED TO MAKE AN EXPERIMENT!



HELP! CHIC, CH.. THE SWORD!

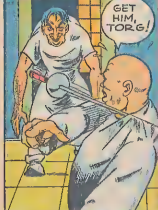
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF, HERE IS MY CALLING CARD..

TORG! TORG!



GRIMES' SERVANT WALKS INTO THE ROOM.

GET HIM, TORG!



TORG WOULD RATHER SLEEP!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC? RUNNING OUT OF PATIENTS?

GET BACK!

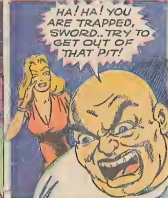


LOOK OUT! HE'S OPENED A TRAPDOOR!

WHOOH! TOO LATE!



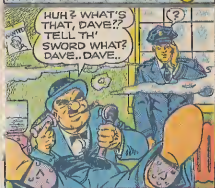
HA! HA! YOU ARE TRAPPED, SWORD.. TRY TO GET OUT OF THAT PIT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE MONAHAN GETS A FRANTIC PHONE CALL...

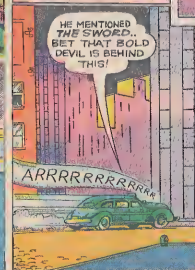


HUH? WHAT'S THAT, DAVE?? TELL TH' SWORD WHAT? DAVE.. DAVE..



THE POLICE STREAK FOR THE MENTAL HOSPITAL..

HE MENTIONED THE SWORD.. BET THAT BOLD DEVIL IS BEHIND THIS!

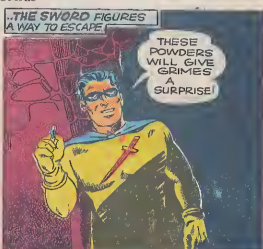


THAT WAS DAVE BLAIR.. SAID HE'S BEING HELD PRISONER IN THE OLD GATE-HOUSE NEAR TH' HOSPITAL!

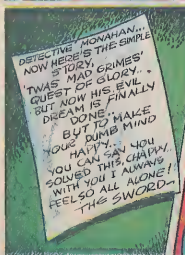


HERE'S TH' GATE-HOUSE! SURROUND IT AND CLOSE IN!





THE SHOT SEEMS TO AWAKEN THE HUNCHBACK, HE TURNS ON DR GRIMES..



HEY GANG!
LOOK!

PLASTIC MAN

C'MON
PLASTIC
MAN!

WOW!
WHATT A
MAN!



HE'S SURE
BUSTIN'
UP THE
PIN-BALL
RACKET!

THE STORY BEHIND PLASTIC MAN:

AS KEL O'BRIAN,
GANGSTER,
LIVE WITH THE
UNDERWORLD
RATS IN ORDER
TO GET INSIDE
INFORMATION ON
THEIR EVIL
ACTIVITIES!



THEN
WITH A CHANGE OF
CLOTHING
AND A
NEW FACE....



I GO INTO
ACTION AS
PLASTIC MAN,
BRINGING THE
EVILDOERS TO
JUSTICE..



KEL O'BRIAN MEETS UP WITH AN OLD CRON....

HALLO MINE
FRAN! SHE'S
GOOD TO SEE
YOU, NO?

WE'LL OUST
ME OFF!
BALDY!
BUT WHACK!
HOW'S THE
PINBALL
RACKET THESE
DAYS ??



GEEVE A LOOK!
TWO HUNNERT
MACHINES ARE
MAKING ME A
FORTUNE!

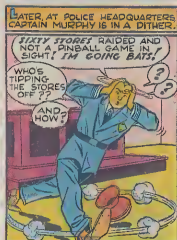
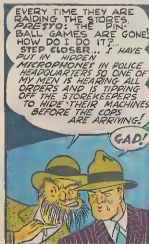
SOME
SET-UP!

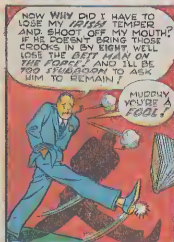
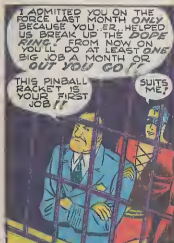


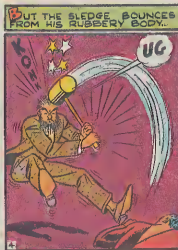
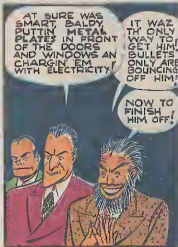
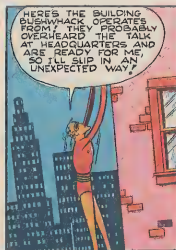
BUT THE SCREWS.
ARE THEY GIVING
YOU ANY
TROUBLE??

NA! THE
COPS I AM
DRIVING-IT
NUTS..









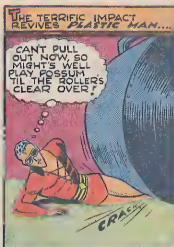
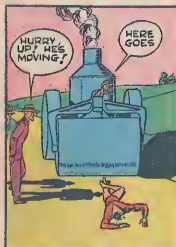
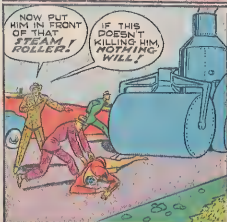
AFTER A FEW MINUTES, **BALDY** RECOVERS....

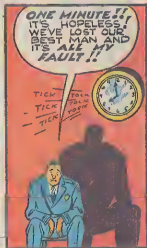
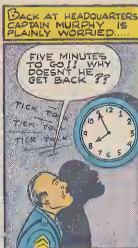
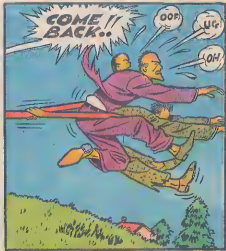
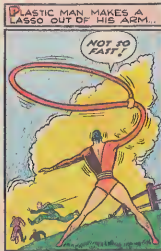


PLASTIC MAN IS CARRIED TO **BALDY'S** SPEEDY CAR.



AT THE SCENE OF CONSTRUCTION, HE IS DRAGGED FROM THE CAR....

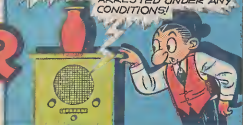




SUPER SNOOPER

4 - GILL
FOX

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS DECIDED
TO CALL THIS DAY A CROOKS HONOR
DAY...NO CRIMINALS WILL BE
ARRESTED UNDER ANY
CONDITIONS!



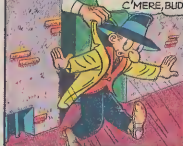
GOSH! THIS'LL BE A
GOOD CHANCE FOR
ME TO STUDY DIFFERENT
METHODS OF CRIMINALS
WHILE THEY WORK!



BOY! THESE NOTES ON
CRIME'LL BE WORTH A
FORTUNE!



IMAGINE, CLOTHES
THAT AIN'T BEEN
STOLEN YET..
C'MERE, BUD



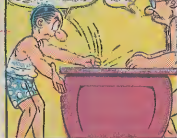
THANKS, SHRIMP!



THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR..
I'M GONNA TELL TH'
GOVERNOR T'STOP THIS
CROOK'S HONOR DAY
RIGHT AWAY!!



AND ALL HE LEFT ME WAS
MY UNDERWEAR..ITS
GOTTA STOP
GOVERNOR!!



YOU SHOULD TALK! LOOK..
THEY DIDN'T EVEN
LEAVE ME MY
UNDERWEAR!



Steele KERRIGAN

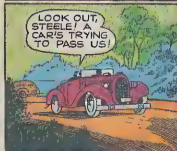
"Al Bryant



A GANGLAND FRAME-UP SENT STEELE KERRIGAN TO PRISON BUT HE WAS FREED FOR SAVING THE WARDEN'S LIFE DURING A RIOT.. NOW KERRIGAN WAGES A ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME.

STEELE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, ANNE, ARE JOYRIDING ALONG A COUNTRY HIGHWAY. . .

LOOK OUT, STEELE! A CAR'S TRYING TO PASS US!



THE SPEEDING CAR FORCES STEELE'S JALOPY DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE DITCH.

HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

STEP ON IT, GUS.. THAT COP.

I'LL FIX HIM!

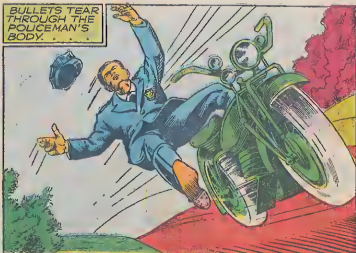


WOW! THAT COP IS AFTER THEM, ANNE, AND THEY LOOK LIKE HOODLUMS!

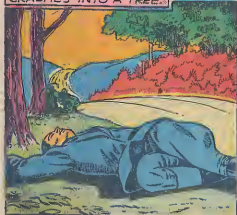


SMASHING THE REAR WINDOW, A CROOK OPENS FIRE.

BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE POLICEMAN'S BODY.



THE LIMP FIGURE ROLLS TO THE ROADSIDE AS HIS MOTORCYCLE CRASHES INTO A TREE.



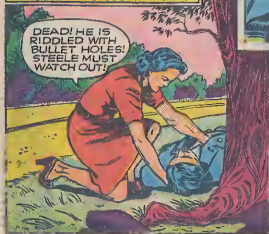
KERRIGAN BRAKES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

GET OUT ANNE, AND GIVE HIM FIRST AID. I'M GOING AFTER THOSE KILLERS!!

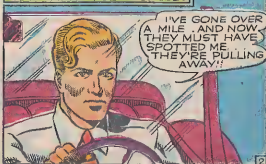
OH, I HOPE HE ISN'T DEAD, STEELE!



ANNE LEAPS OUT AS STEELE TAKES UP PURSUIT.



BUT STEELE TAKES UP THE CHASE AT RECKLESS SPEED.



ANNE TURNS AS SHE HEARS
A CAR DRAW UP ALONG-
SIDE HER.



TOSSING ANNE INTO THEIR
CAR, THEY SPEED AWAY..



STEELE RETURNS TO THE
SPOT WHERE HE HAD LEFT
ANNE WITH THE OFFICER.



SHE'S
GONE!
ANNE!

WHAT'S WRONG, SISTER?

THIS OFFICER
WAS KILLED
BY THE CROOKS
HE WAS CHASING.
THEY WENT NORTH!



FURIOUSLY ANNE FIGHTS BACK

A SCRAPPER,
EH?



HIS KEEN BRAIN WORKS ON
A CLUE.

THIS ROPE WAS DROPPED
IN THE BLOOD BY SOME-
ONE WHO JUST LEFT HERE.
IT'S FRAYED AND BLEACHED
TOO..



WE GOTTA
GRAB THIS
DAME, JAKE!

YEAH..
CAN'T LEAVE
HER TO SQUAWK
TO THE COPS!



BUT QUICKLY SHE IS OVER-
POWERED.

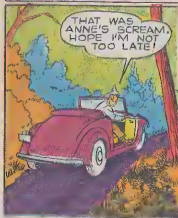
OKAY, JAKE.. WE BETTER
TAKE HER
TO THE
BOSS, LOU



IT COULD BE FROM A
BOAT, YES, ON LAKE
CRYSTAL, NEAR HERE.
I'LL BET ANNE WAS
CAPTURED
AND TAKEN
TO A HIDE-
OUT THERE!



RACING TO THE WOODED LAKE, KERRIGAN PARKS IN A HIDDEN LANE . . .



KERRIGAN PLUNGES THROUGH AN ALDER THICKET TO THE LAKE SHORE.



ALL THE CAMPS ARE VACANT BUT SMOKE'S COMING FROM THAT CHIMNEY AND THERE'S... HEY! IT IS THEIR CAR!



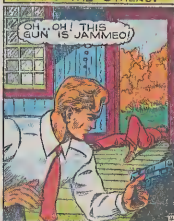
IN A RUNNING CROUCH KERRIGAN SPRINGS FOR THE DOOR . . .



HE SMASHES THROUGH AN UNWARY GUARD . . .



SCOOPING UP THE THUG'S GUN KERRIGAN LEAPS TOWARD THE OTHERS.



NOTHING CAN STOP KERRIGAN'S MAD CHARGE WHEN HE SEES ANNE IS HELD CAPTIVE.



SNATCH MY GIRL, WILL YOU?

YOU HAD ENOUGH? THEN YOU'D BETTER TALK FAST WHILE I RELEASE YOUR CAPTIVE!



I HOPE YOU CRACKED THAT THUG'S JAW, STEELE. HE WAS GOING TO DROWN ME!

THESE CROOKS MUST'VE PULLED A BIG JOB, ANNE.



HIS SHARP AIM SCORES TWO HITS.



O-O-H!

GREAT WORK, STEELE! I'M KEEPING THE BOSS HERE COVERED. LOOK! HERE'S THE POUCH OF MONEY THEY STOLE FROM A MAIL TRUCK!



STEELE GRABS THE LEADER'S GUN AND FIRES..



SUDDENLY TWO STATE COPS DARKEN THE DOORWAY.



THIS IS THE PLACE!

GET YOUR HANDS UP, YOU TWO!

BUT STEELE EXPLAINS.

SURE I BEAT UP THE WHOLE MOB WITH MY FISTS AND THEIR OWN GUNS. I TRAILED THEM AFTER THEY MACHINE-GUNNED YOUR BUDDY!

HE SURE DID!



YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, KERRIGAN. THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT WILL PAY YOU THE FIVE THOUSAND REWARD FOR THESE MUGS!



THE MOUTHPIECE

WHEN CRIME'S HOARY FIGURE FLAUNTS THE VERY AUTHORITY OF YOUNG BILL PERKINS' DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, HE GOES FORTH TO BATTLE IT... IN THE DISGUISE OF THE FEARED

MOUTHPIECE!

IN STATE PENITENTIARY, NOT FAR FROM BILL'S OFFICE, CONVICT FATSO DOWD, A LIFER, ATTACKS A PRISON GUARD!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, FATSO!

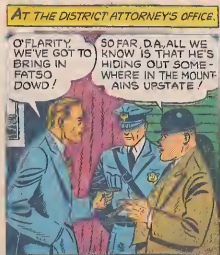
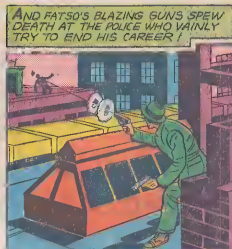
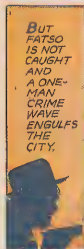
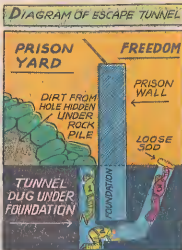
BY FRED GUARDINER

AS THE GUARD'S CLUTCHING FINGERS DIG INTO HIS NECK, FATSO BRINGS HIS PISTOL DOWN HARD!

THAT FINISHES HIM - NOW TO GET AWAY!

STEALING OUT INTO THE PRISON YARD FATSO HEADS FOR THE ROCK PILE.





AFTER A LONG RIDE BILL DRAWS UP TO A LONELY HOUSE AS NIGHT FALLS.



SEE IF I CAN GET ANY INFORMATION HERE.

I'LL GO IN AS THE MOUTHPIECE THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE ME!



THE DOOR IS OPENED BY A BEARDED FARMER.



THE MOUTHPIECE! I-I'VE HEARD OF YOU!

WELL-HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND HERE?



NOW! NUTHIN' EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE!



WHILE LIGHTING A CIGARETTE THE MOUTHPIECE SHOVES HIS LIGHTER UNDER THE FARMER'S WHISKERS!



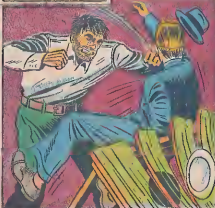
HEY-WHAT YOU DOIN'?

PULLING OFF HIS BURNING WHISKERS THE MAN REVEALS HIMSELF AS FATSO DOWD!



I THOUGHT SO!

BUT FAST AS A STRIKING SNAKE HE LASHES OUT WITH A TERRIFIC HAYMAKER---



REELING BACKWARD THE MOUTHPIECE CRASHES HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!



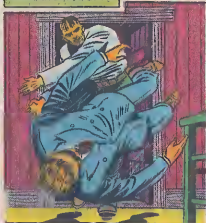
OW!

FATSO PICKS UP HIS LIMP OPPONENT..



I'LL PUT YOU IN WITH
MAW AND PAW!

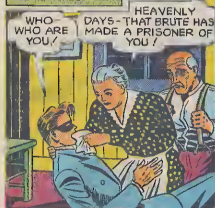
AND TOSSES HIM INTO A HEAVILY
BARRED ROOM!



THANKS FOR
YOUR CAR, MOUTH-
PIECE / I'M GOING TO
TOWN AND WHEN I
GET BACK I'LL MAKE
CROW MEAT OUT OF
YOU!



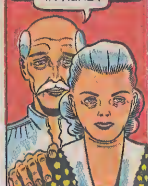
IN A FEW SECONDS THE MOUTHPIECE
COMES TO IN THE CARE OF AN
ELDERLY COUPLE!



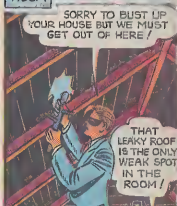
WHO-
WHO ARE
YOU?

HEAVENLY
DAYS - THAT BRUTE HAS
MADE A PRISONER OF
YOU!

WE ARE DAN AND
SARAH WAGNER FATSO TOOK
OUR HOME FOR A HIDEOUT
AND KEEPS US LOCKED
IN HERE!



THE MOUTHPIECE, AIDED BY
DAN KNOCKS A HOLE IN THE
ROOF.



SORRY TO BUST UP
YOUR HOUSE BUT WE MUST
GET OUT OF HERE!

THAT
LEAKY ROOF
IS THE ONLY
WEAK SPOT
IN THE
ROOM!

NOW I'LL UNLOCK
THE DOOR AND
LET DAN OUT -
WONDER IF HE HAS
A COUPLE
AXES?



C'MON - IF WE WORK FAST
WE'LL PUT FATSO OUT OF
BUSINESS!



AXES IN HAND THE MOUTH-PIECE AND DAN RACE DOWN THE ROAD!



CHOPPING FAST THEY SOON DROP A LARGE TREE ACROSS THE ROAD.



WE'LL LEAVE IT ACROSS LIKE THIS!

I-I HEAR A CAR COMING!



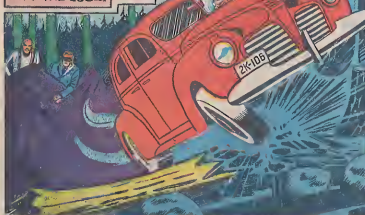
ALONG THE NARROW ROAD SPEEDS FATSO IN A STOLEN CAR!



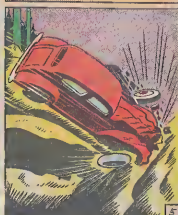
AS HE ROUNDS THE CURVE FATSO SEES THE LOG!



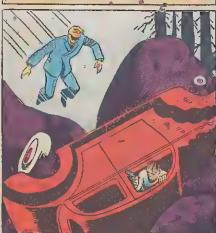
RACING TOO FAST TO STOP OR TURN, THE CAR SMASHES INTO THE LOG---



AND CRASHES OFF ONTO THE ROCKS!



THE MOUTHPIECE CHARGES DOWN



BLOODY BUT STILL DESPERATE, FATSO RISES FROM THE WRECKAGE WITH GUN BLAZING!



BUT IN A FLYING LEAP THE MOUTHPIECE KNOCKS ASIDE THE AUTOMATIC



AND KNOCKS HIM OUT WITH AN UPPERCUT TO THE JAW!



TAKE THAT, ME BUCKO!

WELL - WE GOT HIM, BUT THIS CAR'S A WRECK



BACK AT THE HOUSE FATSO IS SECURELY TIED UP



YOU'RE THE ONLY MUG WHO COULD GET ME, MOUTHPIECE!

SO LONG, DAN - KEEP GUARD ON THAT GUY TIL THE COPS COME!



SURE THING, MR - ER - MOUTHPIECE, AND THANKS!

NEXT DAY, BACK IN HIS OFFICE, BILL PERKINS IS ONCE AGAIN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY



HELLO, O'FLARITY, WHAT'S NEW?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE OVER THE WEEK-END, D.A., BUT THE MOUTHPIECE AND A FARMER CAUGHT FATSO DOWD!



THE MOUTHPIECE AGAIN! HE MUST NEVER SLEEP! COME TO THINK OF IT, I FEEL KIND OF TIRED MYSELF RIGHT NOW, SERGEANT!



You probably never heard of Nauru Island. I wish I never had! Because my visit there cost me the friendship of a fine man—James Lee Chong, Chinese trader and humanitarian extraordinary. Chong was a pearl trader.

However, my sojourn on Nauru wasn't a total washout. I met Dick Mace. Chances are you've heard of Mace, one of the smartest detectives extant. And a mighty charming lad on top of that.

"I'm down here gathering up material for a novel," I said. "Don't know why I picked Nauru. In fact, I didn't but the schooner stopped here en route to the Marshalls . . . and the place looked inviting."

Dick smiled. "Charming island. What do you write, Mr. Gregory?"

"Detective stuff. Had some fair success with a few books . . . maybe because I try for outlandish plots."

Dick nodded. "Detective stuff's my line, too, but I don't write it; I try to grab the crooks. I'm after a gang right now . . . Say, maybe I can throw a good plot your way!"

"Great! May I ask . . ."

"Pearl thieves," Mace supplied. "The cleverest gang that ever operated in the South Seas. Evaded capture for five years . . . I've run 'em down to this general region."

The great Dick Mace . . . pearl thieves . . . South Seas adventure . . . I was all ears! I said, "You expecting 'em to drop in?"

"I'm pretty certain about it. Soon as Angus Halliday sells his pearls to old Chong, I figure they'll make a try for the old Chinese."

Halliday, Mace told me, was a pearly who sold his collection once a year to Chong, because Chong paid the best price in the islands. Usually Halliday left Nauru with anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand dollars in his pockets.

"These chaps will strike right after Angus leaves," Mace said. "Naturally, the pearls are worth twice what Chong pays."

Mace and I took a dip off Chong's pier just before sunset, dressed in fresh whites and sat down to an excellent dinner. We were having iced coffee on the verandah when it happened.

(A native screamed somewhere near the hotel, and a moment later he was sprinting for the verandah, an arrow sticking out of his neck.)

"Bangus!" gasped the dying man. "Many war canoes . . . other side island . . . tell Massa Chong!"

He died then. I ran inside the hotel, to Chong's private office, but Chong was not there. When I returned to the verandah, with an old Mauser rifle of Chong's in my hand. Dick stood, with an automatic ready.

"Seems like it's an attack by Gilbert Islanders," he explained. "They're natural enemies, but this hasn't happened in a half century."

One of the nearby natives spoke up: "They come kill us. If Massa Chong here he could fix . . . chase 'em off!"

I told him that Chong was gone. The native scratched his woolly head. "That bad . . . mebbe so we have t' fight Bangus!"

A score of huge blacks came toward the hotel. A few had rifles; the others carried spears and long bows. They were painted up like a pack of Indians on the war path.

The newcomers halted fifty yards from the verandah. Their leader stepped forward, with hand raised.

"Where Chong?" he demanded. "Tell him come out!"

"Chong not here," Dick replied. "What for you want Chong?"

The big chap growled something, and the next instant a spear thudded into the wooden verandah. Then with blood-curdling yells they were upon us. I squeezed the trigger of that ancient rifle and it bellowed. A native tumbled in a heap. Dick's pistol was chattering a vicious song, and other natives sprawled in the mud.

Then the Nauruos attacked, and the battle really got going.



The fight straggled toward the beach.

"What do you suppose they want with Chong?" I asked. "And I wonder where the old fox is hiding?"

"Good evening, gentleman!"

I nearly collapsed. Chong had stepped out of a clump of ginger bush. He was grinning.

"I trust this hasn't upset you too much," went on the imperturbable Oriental. "But I was rather expecting these — ah — visitors! That's why I departed so unceremoniously."

"Expecting 'em! What do you mean?" Dick cried.

For answer, Chong led us back to the flat compound in front of the hotel. It had rained that morning and the yard was somewhat muddy. The Bangus' tracks were everywhere, revealed under the beam of Chong's flashlight. He

pointed out some tracks made by shoes.

"Bangus never wear shoes," he said. "Small feet—white man's feet!"

"You mean," cried Dick, "that white men are behind this raid? Who? What for?"

"I'm sure of it," said Chong, answering Dick's first question. "For the last three years, thieves have tried to rob me just after Mr. Halliday has called . . ."

"Oh, then he's been here already?" Dick interrupted. "You didn't tell me."

"Slipped my mind," Chong said. "Who are they? That I don't know. They are different each year, and always they use different tactics. For instance, last year a cruiser came into port and threatened to shell the hotel if I didn't hand over the pearls everyone knows I have. The year before, a plane flew over and with some kind of extra-loud radio device warned me that they would bomb me unless I handed over the pearls . . . somehow I've managed to hang on to them."

A week passed. We had concluded that the thieves, having muffed their chance to rob Chong, had given it up until perhaps the next year. Peace had settled once more over the island of Nauru.

One day a trim yacht glided into the bay and dropped anchor a hundred yards off. A small boat put off. It was rowed by two sailors. A big man in whites sat in the stern. A few minutes later the big man was striding across the verandah, where Dick and I sat. When he had gone into the combination lobby and grocery store, Dick whispered, "Did you see his feet? Very small!"

"Point one," I said. "But I didn't notice . . . Listen!"

We could hear the big man ask if Chong had any pearls to sell. Chong's reply was too soft to hear, but we heard his careful shuffle as he stepped into his office. A moment later he was back, spreading a tanned goatskin on the counter, on which were spread, I knew, many fine pearls.

We went inside just as the big

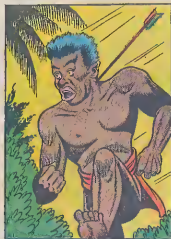
man was peeling off a sheaf of greenbacks in payment of a beautiful pearl.

"My wife will go crazy about this one," he said, in a modulated Oxford accent. "May bring her ashore and let her look at those two matched ones you have."

Chong smiled, bowing, as the man pocketed his treasure and started out. Then he whirled, and a heavy automatic was in his hand.

"Not a move!" he hissed.

"Mickey! . . . Pudge!" he shouted. Then he snarled at Chong, "Get the others, old chap! Quick! You haven't a chance to stop this. My men are all around your store . . ."



they landed yesterday, on the other side of the island."

Chong bowed again and shuffled into the office. I followed him, backing, to the door. (Suddenly Dick's gun flashed out, roared,) and the man dropped the automatic with a howl of pain and clutched his shattered hand. I dived into Chong's office. He thrust a chamois bag into my hands.

"Hide, quick!" he whispered. More shots roared outside. I ran to the verandah. A half dozen natives were covering four sailors from the yacht. Out in the bay, however, two boatloads of sailors were rowing furiously toward shore.

"More coming!" I cried, and dashed back into Chong's office.

He was not there. I ran into the grocery section of the lobby. I knew that the natives couldn't hold off a gang of armed sailors. I dropped the bag of pearls into a big barrel that sat on the floor.

But I hadn't foreseen what was to come. Fully fifty armed natives marched out on the beach and covered the approaching sailors with rifles. The sailors, seeing they were outnumbered, rowed back to the yacht. The big man and his four henchmen were under heavy guard.

"Well, that's that!" chuckled Dick. "I figured this was coming, so I had a bunch of the boys hidden all around here for several days. Looks like it worked!"

Chong made his appearance then, smiling blandly. He held out his hand. "I shall reward you well for keeping my pearls," he said. I pointed to the huge barrel. "In there."

Chong choked, ran to the barrel and plunged his hand down inside. He pulled out the chamois pouch, tore it open and groaned. The pearls were a glutinous mass—melted!

"Fool! Fool!" cried Chong. "That was a pickle barrel!"

"Vinegar," said Dick. "Vinegar melts pearls!"

I felt like a prime donkey. I tried to make apologies. Chong only glared.

"Fool! Writers fools. Mister Mace wise man. He foresaw this and had men planted, waiting for the robbers. But you—" Chong spat. Then his face eased up a bit.

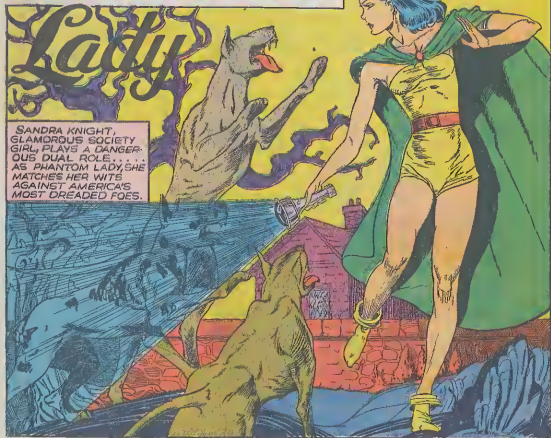
"Thank my beloved ancestors, they were not all of my pearls—only about fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I still have fifty-sixty thousand dollars' worth hidden!"

I left Nauru soon after that. Chong liked Dick, who was "wise man." But me . . . no, I lost a friend in old Chong. And that's why I wish I had never seen Nauru.

ANOTHER DICK MACE ADVENTURE
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 10TH

Phantom

by Arthur Peddy



SANDRA KNIGHT, GLAMOROUS SOCIETY GIRL, PLAYS A DANGEROUS DUAL ROLE.... AS PHANTOM LADY, SHE MATCHES HER WITS AGAINST AMERICA'S MOST DREADED FOES.

LATE AT NIGHT.. SANDRA AND DON BORDEN RETURN THROUGH THE PARK FROM A DEFENSE COMMITTEE MEETING. . .



WAS MY SPEECH O.K., SANDRA?

IT WAS FINE, DON!

SUDDENLY, A GRIM-FACED PAIR SPRINGS FROM THE BUSHES.



GET THEM HANDS UP!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL PLUG YA!



THIS'LL TAKE CARE O YOU, TOOTS!

THE VICIOUS BLOW KNOCKS SANDRA UNCONSCIOUS.



DON BORDEN IS FORCED DOWN A MURKY BRIDGE PATH.

MAKE IT SNAPPY, LUG, GET IN THE CAR!

NO TRICKS! WE'VE GOT YA COVERED!



BUT DON WHIRLS ABOUT SUDDENLY.



AND LASHES INTO HIS CAPTORS.

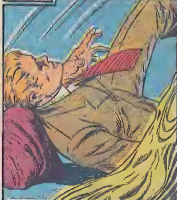


WISE GUY, HUH?

SEE IF YA KIN MATCH ALL OF US!



WITH BOTH THUGS LEAPING UPON HIM, DON FALLS, STRIKING HIS HEAD ON A ROCK.



SANDRA RISES DIZZILY AS THE CUTTHROATS SPEED AWAY.



DON'S IN THAT CAR!

WEAKLY, SHE REACHES THE LAST SPOT WHERE DON FELL...



BLOOD! THEY SHOT HIM!

SHE PICKS UP A SMALL OBJECT FROM THE GRAVEL.



A KEYRING! I'LL HANG ONTO THIS!

QUICKLY SHE HAILS A PASSING CAB.

ONE BARCLAY BOULEVARD, DRIVER, AND FAST!

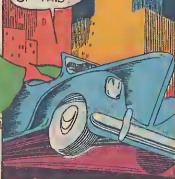


A FEW SECONDS LATER SANDRA SLIPS FROM HER HOME.. AS THE PHANTOM LADY.



SHE LEAPS TO THE WHEEL OF HER SLEEK CAR.

I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



AS SHE TURNS THE CORNER, A POLICEMAN BLASTS HIS WHISTLE

CAN'T STOP NOW, MISTER?

WONDER WHAT HE WANTED?

SHE DIALS THE RADIO AND

ALL POLICE REQUESTED TO LOOK OUT FOR THE PHANTOM LADY. WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING DONALD BORDEN OF THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT.

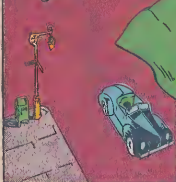
HMM... CLEVER... THE KIDNAPPERS GUESSED THAT PHANTOM LADY IS DON'S FRIEND AND WOULD COME AFTER HIM... THEY DON'T WANT ME TO INTERFERE SO THEY TRICKED THE COPS

INTO NABbing ME.

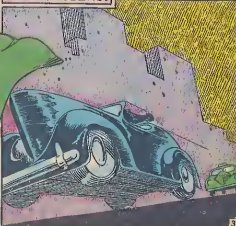


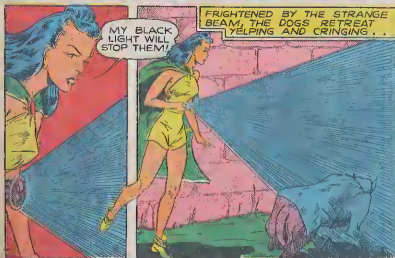
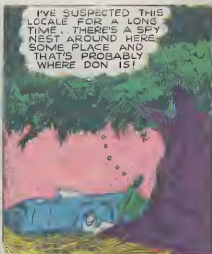
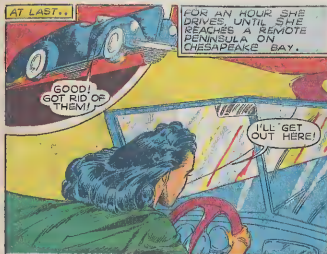
SUDDENLY A POLICE SIREN WAITS AFTER PHANTOM LADY.

I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE TOO!



AT TOP SPEED, SHE CAREENS AROUND CORNERS TRYING TO SHAKE OFF HER PURSUERS.





WITH THE FIRST BLAZE OF GUN-FIRE PHANTOM LADY WHIRLS, FLASHING HER LIGHT IN THE GUN'S RANGE



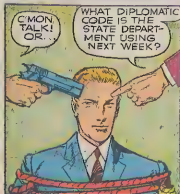
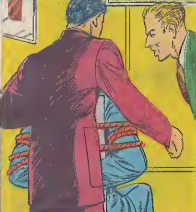
HUH??
WHAT?
I CAN'T
SEE!

WHILE THE MAN IS CONFUSED, SHE TRIES THE HOUSE DOOR.



LUCKY I
KEPT THAT
RING OF
KEYS!!

INSIDE SHE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF ANGRY VOICES TO A ROOM WHERE DON IS BEING QUESTIONED.



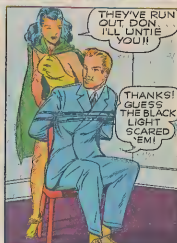
C'MON
TALK!
OR...

WHAT DIPLOMATIC
CODE IS THE
STATE DEPART-
MENT USING
NEXT WEEK?



THAT IS
NONE OF
YOUR
BUSINESS!

UH, OH! WE
GOTTA GET
OUTTA
HERE!

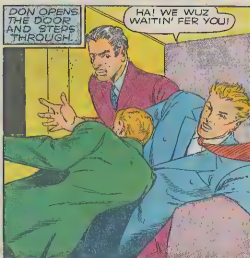


THEY'VE RUN
OUT, DON.
I'LL UNTIE
YOU!!

THANKS!
GUESS
THE BLACK
LIGHT
SCARED
'EM!



I'VE GOT TO
REPORT THIS
SPY NEST TO
THE F.B.I.
COME ON!



DON OPENS
THE DOOR AND
STEPS
THROUGH.

HAI WE WUZ
WAITIN' FER YOU!



AN' YOU, SISTER,
CAN GET
ALONG
BETTER
WITHOUT
THIS
LIGHT!

IN THE DARKNESS, PHANTOM LADY AND DON ARE EASILY SUBDUED.



KEEP THOSE TWO COLD UNTIL WE GET AWAY... THEN BURN THE JOINT DOWN!



AT THIS POINT PHANTOM LADY COMES TO.



SNATCHING HER FLASHLIGHT FROM THE FLOOR, SHE TURNS IT FULL FORCE ON THE PLOTTERS.



GOOD WORK! I'LL BREAK LOOSE!!



BEFORE THE SPIES KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING, DON IS PASTING SOLID RIGHTS TO THEIR JAWS.



THEY'RE ALL OUT. ER... WHERE'S THE GIRL?



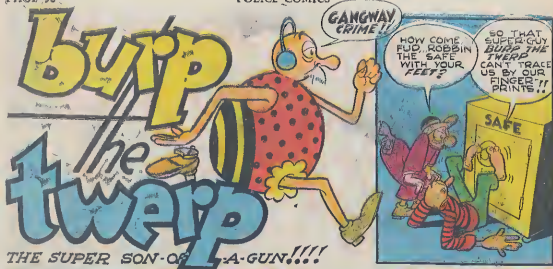
SUDDENLY THE POLICE BURST IN.

HI BUD! SOME DAME CALLED AN' GAVE US A TIP TO RAID THIS PLACE!



SOME DAME?.. HMM... S-A-A-Y. THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE! AND SHE'S SOME DAME!!





MEANWHILE, OUR HERO IS ON THE ALERT

AN HA! OH NO! AND BACK TO AN HA! MY SUPER SENSITIVE SNOOUT SMELLS FOUL DOINGS DOWN! FODUNK WAY!



ONE BILLIONTH OF A SECOND LATER

TOO LATE! THEY'VE VANISHED WITH THE LOOT!



GEORGE WASHINGTON, YOU'RE THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE ROBBERY! WHO DONE IT?

I CANNOT! TELL A LIE, FUD AN DUD DONE IT! THEY WENT THAT WAY!



THANKS, PAL!

DON'T MENTION IT!!



THERE THEY ARE! BEING A SUPER VENTRILOQUIST I WILL NO DOUBT PROCEED TO THROW MY VOICE!



AND BY GOSH, HE DOES! HE THROWS HIS VOICE RIGHT AT THEM!



CAUGHT! HERE, SWALLOW THESE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS AND NEEDLES!!

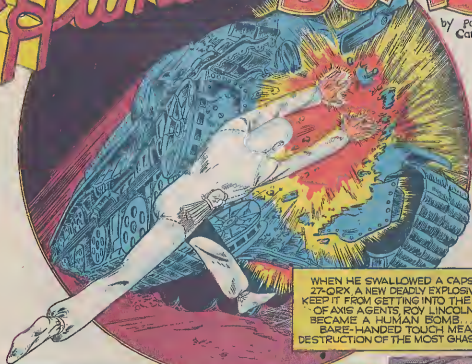


AND LET THAT BE A LESSON! TO YOU!



The Human BOMB

by Paul Carroll



WHEN HE SWALLOWED A CAPSULE OF 27-ORX, A NEW DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, TO KEEP IT FROM GETTING INTO THE HANDS OF AXIS AGENTS, ROY LINCOLN BECAME A HUMAN BOMB... HIS BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION OF THE MOST GHASTLY KIND.

AT THE HOME OF HIS FIANCEE, JEAN CALDWELL, ROY LINCOLN RECEIVES A MESSAGE.

HOLY SMOKES, THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO SEE ME AT THE WHITE HOUSE!

MAYBE YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR FINDING THAT NAZI U-BOAT BASE LAST MONTH!

WHO WANTS A MEDAL! ANYWAY. I HAVE A DATE WITH YOU!

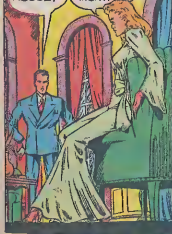
YOU CAN PLAY ROMEO TOMORROW EVENING!

OKAY, OKAY! THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST THE WAY YOU RUSH ME AROUND!

GOOD-NIGHT PICKLE-PUSS !!

I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!

I'LL BET A NEW HAT YOU WON'T. I KNOW YOU BETTER!



A SHORT TIME LATER,
NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE,
ROY LINCOLN SEES A
STRANGE FORMATION
UP ONE OF THE SIDE STREETS.

A PURPLE MIST??
I WONDER...

OH, IT'S PROBABLY
STEAM OR SOMETHING
WITH A PURPLE LIGHT
ON IT! WELL, I'D
BETTER HURRY OR
I'LL BE BUYING
JEAN A
NEW
HAT!

UPON REACHING THE
WHITE HOUSE...

ER.. I'M ROY
LINCOLN!

THE PRESIDENT
IS WAITING
TO SEE
YOU...

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT
HE LOOKS AS IF HE SHOULD
BE IN BED BY NOW!

THIS
WAY,
SIR!

TO START WITH, I'D
LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU
WOULD ACCEPT THE
POSITION AS HEAD OF
A NEW CHEMICAL
LABORATORY HERE IN
WASHINGTON? I KNOW
YOU'RE YOUNG, BUT
YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE
NO ONE ELSE CAN
COMPETE WITH!

GOOD EVENING,
MR. PRESIDENT!

GLAD YOU
CAME, ROY!
I'VE A FEW THINGS
I WANT TO TALK
OVER WITH YOU!

THAT
PAGE
BOY...

HIM?
HE'S VERY
INTELLIGENT!
IN FACT, WELL
ABOVE AVERAGE
!!

BUT ROY DOESN'T
ANSWER... HIS EYES ARE
FIXED ON THE PRESIDENT'S
DESK...

JUMPING
CATFISH!!

I'D BETTER
MAKE SURE!

WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
HIM??

AS ROY RUSHES OUT OF
THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY.

OOPS! PARDON
ME, SON!

ON A STRANGE
LETTER...

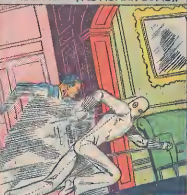
A WARNING
THE PURPLE
MIST WILL SPELL
YOUR DOOM AS WELL
AS YOUR COUNTRY'S
AT MIDNIGHT.

ROY LINCOLN RECALLS THE
SCENE IN THE SIDE STREET,
THE STRANGE PURPLE FOG!

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! YOU DROPPED THESE PURPLE GLASSES TOO!



HAVING HELPED THE PAGE BOY TO HIS FEET, ROY CONTINUES TO THE FRONT DOOR, TAKING TIME TO CHANGE TO HIS FABULOUS AND DYNAMIC ROLE AS... THE HUMAN BOMB!!



HOLY CATS... IT'S HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET THE PRESIDENT OUT OF THIS PLACE... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THIS WILL COME TO!



AS ROY RETURNS TO THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY.

YOU WERE WARNED OF THE PURPLE MIST MR PRESIDENT! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I HAD A FEELING YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS WHEN YOU DROPPED YOUR PURPLE GLASSES!



TAKE A REST, SMALL FRY!



THE HUMAN BOMB!!

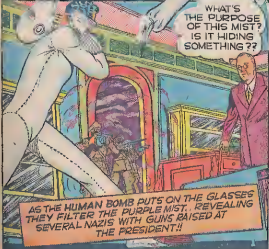
YES! THE PURPLE MIST IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE... AND THAT'S YOUR CLUE TO LEAVE!!



IT'S COMING IN HERE! ALREADY! I WONDER WHAT THESE PURPLE GLASSES HAVE TO DO WITH THIS??



WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THIS MIST? IS IT HIDING SOMETHING??



AS THE HUMAN BOMB PUTS ON THE GLASSES THEY FILTER THE PURPLE MIST, REVEALING SEVERAL NAZIS WITH GUNS RAISED AT THE PRESIDENT!!

YA!



IN A FLASH, HE HURLS A CHAIR AT THE WOULD BE ASSASSINS

WHAT WAS THAT??

NAZIS! THAT MIST IS FULL OF THEM! CALL FOR YOUR CAR... YOU'RE LEAVING



LEAVE?? MY DUTY IS TO STAY
HERE... WITH MY
GOVERNMENT!

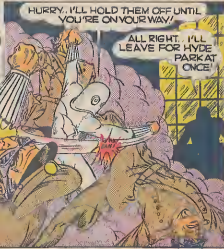


YOUR DUTY IS TO STAY
ALIVE AT TIMES LIKE
THESE! WHOEVER IS
BEHIND THIS, WANTS
YOU KILLED, THROWING
THE COUNTRY INTO
CONFUSION AND OPEN
FOR ATTACK!!



HURRY.. I'LL HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!

ALL RIGHT.. I'LL
LEAVE FOR HYDE
PARK AT
ONCE!



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE..

THERE GOES THE MOTOR
OF THE PRESIDENT'S
CAR.. HE'S ON HIS WAY!!



BUT, AS THE HUMAN
BOMB LOOKS OFF THE
BALCONY... HE SEES THAT
THE PRESIDENT'S CAR
IS ENCIRCLED BY THE
MYSTERIOUS MIST!!!



...AND, THROUGH THE PURPLE
GLASSES SEES THAT THE MIST
CONCEALS A MOTORIZED UNIT.



HOLY SMOKES!
GIMME THOSE
GLASSES YOU'RE
WEARING!!



I SEE YOU GUYS MEAN
BUSINESS.. WELL,
FROM NOW ON, SO
DO I!!



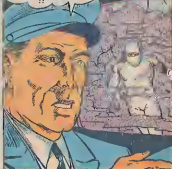
THE HUMAN BOMB'S
DEADLY BARE FIST
STRIKES OUT, AND THE
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
IS SHATTERED BY A
DEAFENING EXPLOSION.



THAT'S THE
END OF THOSE
RATS!!



MR PRESIDENT, I
CAN'T SEE TO
DRIVE THROUGH
THAT MIST!
WE'RE TRAPPED



NOT YET, PUT
ON THESE
GLASSES.
THEY'LL FILTER
THIS PURPLE
MIST!!

AS THE CHAUFFEUR PUTS ON THE PURPLE GLASSES...

MR. PRESIDENT... THE MIST CONCEALS A WHOLE ARMORED UNIT!!



OKAY, BUD... OPEN HER UP AND FORGET ABOUT WHAT'S IN YOUR WAY!

W. WHAT...?? ALL RIGHT!!!

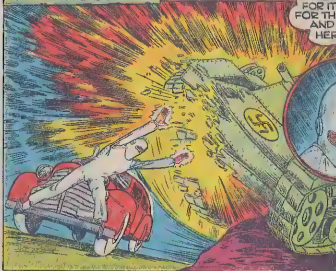


AS THE POWERFUL CAR ROARS OFF INTO THE PURPLE MIST, GUNS HIDDEN TO THE NAKED EYE INSTANTLY TURN ON...

IT'S A GOOD THING THIS BUGGY IS BULLET-PROOF!!



BUT... WHEN A MONSTROUS TANK CROSSES THE PATH OF THE FLEEING CAR... THE HUMAN BOMB STRIKES...



THEY ASKED FOR IT! HEAD FOR THE HIGHWAY AND OPEN HER UP!!



...AND THE MOTORIZED UNIT TURNS TO BLOCK ITS WAY...



OH, OH!!

TIME AND AGAIN THE PRESIDENT'S CAR IS BLOCKED AND ATTACKED ONLY TO BE SAFELY CONVOYED THROUGH BY THE STRANGE POWERS OF THE HUMAN BOMB



NEARING THE OUTSKIRTS OF WASHINGTON, THE LIMOUSINE STREAKS OUT OF THE MIST ENGULFING THE CITY...



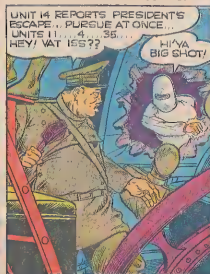
GO BY WAY OF FORT DIX AND SEND THE BOYS DOWN, I MAY NEED A LITTLE HELP IN MOPPING UP!!!

GULP! OKAY!!



WITH THE PRESIDENT SAFELY ON HIS WAY, THE HUMAN BOMB STREAKS BACK TO WASHINGTON...





LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!"

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS™!

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS! FREE Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll not you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

APRON
FREE

With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



AMAZING

"SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs! Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE

With
7 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE Like a Navy Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed soars up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, swoosh, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "lift" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE

With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

FREE

With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES



FREE

With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when hike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES® AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain"® BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and 7.....c).

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941) # Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds



Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NEO: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete*
Frank Leahy

For Better Footwork



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keds
the Shoe of Champions

FREE

© Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center, New York

